THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

MONTHLY EPITOME

OF

Taſte, Faſhion, and Manners.

No. XXXVII.

FOR MAY, 1801.

" *Soon as 'twas dark, before his eyes,*
" *A horrid ſpectre did ariſe,*
" *Of bulk enormous—full as tall*
" *As either giant in Guildhall!*
" *His tail, if meaſur'd, would extend*
" *From Hyde-Park Corner to Mile-End!*
" *And what ſtill made him look the bolder,*
" *He bore a cannon on his ſhoulder!*"

" *I will not conceal his parts; nor his power; nor his comely propor-*
" *tion. His ſtrength is in his loins!—he moveth his tail like a cedar!—*
" *he is king over all the children of pride!*"

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *April* 23, 1801.

DEAF AND DUMB; OR THE ORPHAN PROTECTED—*(From the French of M. Bouilly).* COMUS—*Milton.*

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *April* 23, 1801.

The BIRTH-DAY—*Altered from Kotzebue*, by *T. Dibdin.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.* The REPRISALS; or The TARS OF OLD ENGLAND—*Dr. Smollet.*

For the benefit of Mr. Munden, whoſe meritorious ſervices were rewarded with one of the fulleſt houſes we ever remember to have ſeen. Beſides ſuſtaining a leading character in each of the Pieces, three in number, performed this evening, he regaled his patrons with ſeveral of his moſt popular comic Songs; among which the Verſes written in compliment to Lord Nelſon's ſplendid atchievements, and ſung originally on occaſion of that gallant commander's viſiting the theatre, in the early part of this ſeaſon, were particularly applauded and admired. They were, indeed, received with a double degree of intereſt and enthuſiaſm, in conſequence of ſome very appropriate additions introduced by the author, Mr. T. Dibdin, which bore an immediate alluſion to the late engagement between the Britiſh and Daniſh Forces off Copenhagen. In reference to the ſame event, Dr. Smollet's Comedy of the *Repriſals*, was this evening revived, after having been ſuffered for a number of years to ſleep on the peaceful ſhelf of oblivion. The characters were caſt as follows.

Heartly - - - - - -	Mr. H. Johnſton.
Maclaymore - - - - -	Mr. Murray.
Ben Block - - - - -	Mr. Munden.
Jack Haulyard - - -	Mr. Beverley.
Champignion - - - -	Mr. Farley.
Harriet (with a ſong in character).	Miſs Dixon.

We were peculiarly gratified with ſeeing Miſs Murray ſtep forward, as the repreſentative of *Emma*, in the *Birth-Day.*

Day. This is a part, which we have ever conſidered as her legitimate right, and pointed out as ſuch in a former number of this work (*See* DRAMATIC CENSOR, Vol. I. page 208.) There is in her ſtyle of acting a degree of ſimplicity, *naivete*, and artleſsneſs, which perfectly accords with the amiable and unſophiſticated character of *Emma*. Indeed, in this range of the Drama, ſhe bears away the palm from all her competitors. The expected ſeceſſion, therefore, of a certain rival actreſs, on the termination of the preſent ſeaſon, will be rather a ground of exultation than regret; as it promiſes to furniſh Miſs Murray with more frequent opportunities of evincing her ſuperiority, and making good her claim to public patronage and favour.

The receipts of the theatre conſiderably exceeded the ſum of Five Hundred Pounds.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *April* 24, 1801.

LOVE FOR LOVE—*Congreve*. OUR DANCING DAYS —*Byrne*. The CITIZEN—*A. Murphy*.

Sir Sampſon Legend, by Mr. Dowton, for the firſt time, in conſequence of Mr. King's ſeceſſion from the ſtage. The cauſes of that ſeceſſion, we have ſufficiently explained in our laſt. Though by no means a *general actor*, there are ſome of his characters, in which, we fear, it will be a length of time, before we ſhall "look upon his like again."

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *April* 24, 1801.

The BLIND GIRL—*Morton*. The NAVAL PILLAR—*T. Dibdin*.

We reſume our remarks on Mr. Morton's New Opera, the plot of which we but ſlightly touched upon in our laſt.

Previous to *Frederic*'s departure from England, he had been in the habit of preparing a coſmetic, which gave to age the bloom of youth, and converted uglineſs into beauty. The receipt he promiſes to *Splaſh*, who accordingly announces himſelf as the Sole Proprietor of this moſt invaluable Diſcovery. In conſequence of this notification, he is waited upon by *Sligo*, as meſſenger from the Viceroy's lady, *Signora Doloroſo de Gallardo*, who appears to ſtand greatly in need of a *ſuccedaneum*, to atone for her want of perſonal attractions. *Splaſh* is introduced to the lady; but recoils at the ſight of her deformity, and would willingly get rid of the buſineſs. This, however, he is not permitted to do—he is compelled to make the attempt, in which he happily ſucceeds, and thereby inſures his preferment at court.

Meanwhile *Don Valentia*, though baffled in his baſe deſigns on *Clara*, is determined not to relinquiſh the purſuit. For this purpoſe, he diſſembles with *Bonito*—denies that he was acceſſary to his daughter's *enlevement*, and the more effectually to place *Bonito* in his power, accommodates him with the loan of ten thouſand piſtoles, under this expreſs condition, that *Bonito* is not to be called upon for repayment, unleſs in the preſence of *Valentia* and his confidental friend *Lupoſo*. This ſtipulation is inſerted in the bond, with the deſign of entrapping *Bonito*——but *Valentia* becomes the dupe of his own artifice. *Lupoſo*, under the pretence that *Valentia* has loſt a large ſum at the gaming-table, obtains poſſeſſion of the money, with which he immediately ſets ſail for Europe.

Domeſticated in *Bonito*'s family, *Frederic* has daily opportunities of witneſſing the moral worth, the amiable manners, and mental accompliſhments of his fair, though blind

daughter,

daughter. Admiration ſoon converts into love; and love prompts him to adventure the reſtoration of her ſight, having learnt from her father that ſhe was not *born* blind. The operation is crowned with complete ſucceſs; *Clara*'s eyes receive the viſual ray, and that phyſical infirmity, which till this happy criſis had proved ſuch a momentous drawback, as well to her own powers of enjoyment, as to her perſonal charms, is effectually removed.

The intelligence of this extraordinary cure adds freſh fuel to the flame of *Don Valentia*'s paſſion. He applies to *Bonito*, for his daughter's hand; but has the mortification of finding his ſuit rejected, *Bonito* feeling himſelf bound by every tie of gratitude and duty, to give his daughter to the man, who has rendered her ſuch eſſential ſervices. *Frederic*, who is preſent at this interview, refuſes to avail himſelf of *Bonito*'s partiality in his favour, unleſs *Clara*'s own unbiaſſed will and inclination ſhall appear to ſanction and approve of her father's choice. To aſcertain this point, he propoſes that *Valentia* and himſelf ſhall exchange names, and under that aſſumed diſguiſe be preſented to *Clara*, who has not yet had an opportunity of forming an opinion of their perſonal appearance, not having been in the company of either of them ſince the recovery of her ſight. This propoſal is adopted—*Valentia* urges his ſuit, under the name of *Frederic*, but meets with a repulſe. *Clara* is ready to make any ſacrifice to prove her *gratitude* to the man, whom ſhe ſuppoſes to be the inſtrument of her cure; but feels it impoſſible to beſtow her *heart* upon him. Irritated and incenſed at this refuſal, *Don Valentia* diſcovers himſelf, and demands inſtant repayment of his ten thouſand piſtoles, which *Bonito* not being able to refund (having, as already related, been tricked out of that ſum by the villainy of *Lupoſo*) he is arreſted, and carried to priſon.

Here

Here it will be neceſſary for us to revert to ſome preceding events, and to take a curſory glance at the underplot. *Roderic*, the intimate friend of *Don Valentia*, burning with the flame of lawleſs deſire, offers violence to the ſiſter of the young *Inca*. The injured lady does not long ſurvive the loſs of her honour. At the very moment that the funeral proceſſion paſſes by, *Roderic* croſſes the ſtage, encompaſſed with a groupe of licentious females. This aggravated outrage fires the *Inca*'s boſom with revenge. He purſues *Roderic*, and ſheathes his dagger in the traitor's heart.

He is inſtantly arreſted, and brought in chains before the tribunal of juſtice. Here a ſcene of the loweſt buffoonery that ever diſgraced the Britiſh ſtage, takes place. *Splaſh*, as a reward for his eminent ſervices, in preparing coſmetics for the Viceroy's lady, is appointed to the poſt of Lord Chief Juſtice. His deciſions, however, though degraded by ribaldry, are ſuch as every upright heart muſt approve of. Underſtanding that the only puniſhment inflicted on *Roderic*, in conſequence of his violence to the *Inca*'s ſiſter, was the mockery of a month's baniſhment from court, he paſſes the ſame ſentence on the *Inca*, juſtly obſerving, that *Roderic* brought on his death by his own miſconduct, and that, where offences appear to be ſo nearly equal, equal puniſhment ought to follow.

This cauſe decided, *Bonito* is next brought into court, at the ſuit of *Don Valentia*, for the recovery of the ten thouſand piſtoles lent him by that nobleman. The terms of the bond being duly explained, *Splaſh* orders *Bonito* to be inſtantly releaſed, as *Don Valentia* is not entitled to repayment, unleſs the money be legally demanded in the preſence of *Lupoſo* and himſelf. The latter having, as already related, fled to Europe, *Don Valentia* is debarred all opportunity of recovery. Thus caught in his own ſnare, he

vents

vents his rage in reproaches, for which *Splaſh* arraigns him of a *contempt of court*, and accordingly amerces him in a fine of a thouſand piſtoles, which he orders to be paid to *Bonito*. The Viceroy's lady, *Signora Doloroſo* now makes her appearance, and reſents the affront offered to her ſon; but on the remonſtrance of *Splaſh*, who threatens to deſiſt from furniſhing her with *coſmetics*, unleſs ſhe holds her peace, ſhe refrains from further interference. The piece then terminates with the union of *Frederic* and *Clara*.

In our preliminary remarks on this Opera, in the laſt Number, we gave notice of our intention to ſcan and appreciate its merits, not ſo much by an expoſition of the plot, as by a ſcrutiny into the preſervation of character and conſiſtency; by comparing the actions of the *Dramatis Perſonæ* with their motives, and inveſtigating in how far the author has given us a faithful delineation of men and manners, which ought ever to conſtitute the leading aim and object of dramatic compoſition. In purſuance of this deſign, we ſhall commence our ſtrictures with a perſonage, whom hitherto we have ſcarcely noticed, though the firſt in point of rank, to wit, the Viceroy *Don Gallardo*.

The Scene, as already ſtated, is laid at Lima. The manners, of courſe, ought to aſſimilate with the prominent and leading *traits* of the Spaniſh character. Among theſe, gravity and pragmatic demeanour claim a foremoſt place. The oſtentatious formality of the Spaniard is, indeed, proverbial. Nor are they leſs diſtinguiſhed for the jealous homage they pay to rank; and the punctilious exactment of forms and ceremonial uſages. Let us now apply theſe *canons of criticiſm* (and no intelligent reader, we are perſuaded, will diſpute their juſtice and propriety) to the Viceroy *Don Gallardo*. Inſtead of a man dignified demeanour, obſervant of appearances, and diſplaying in his conduct a ſcrupulous attention

tention to decorum, we meet with a downright *Jack-pudding!*—a *Sancho-Panca* Viceroy!—who on every occasion *acts the buffoon!*—cracks his jokes familiarly, with his ſervants!—tipples, in public!—turns the court of juſtice into a bear-garden!—cuts capers, in the preſence-chamber, in the ſight of his attendants!—after the example of that pious King of Iſrael, who danced *naked* before the Ark of the covenant! to the outrage of his wife's modeſty, who juſtly rebuked him for *playing the fool!* and the inſufferable ſcandal of the *maids of honour*, who had no *fans* to veil their bluſhes! or to prevent this offenſive *exhibition* from ſtaring them full and erect in the face! Such a portrait of a Spaniſh Viceroy, could ſcarcely hope to eſcape condemnation, even on the broadeſt principle of *Farce*; but in a *regular* piece, or, at leaſt, in a piece which would fain *arrogate* to itſelf that title, it becomes perfectly intolerable. 'Tis a *monſter* of extravagance, ignorance, and folly! which, but for the *ſtubborn evidence of facts*, we ſhould have ſuppoſed could never have been generated in the brain of a *rational* Being —and the laughter it provokes may juſtly be regarded as a *libel* of the author. Such indeed, is the extreme vulgarity of *Don Gallardo*'s character, that an unprejudiced obſerver would miſtake it for the picture of a *muleteer*, rather than that of a *Spaniſh Viceroy!* By what fortunate concurrence and combination of events, ſuch a low-bred wretch became exalted to a poſt of ſuch high truſt and dignity, the author has not condeſcended to inform us. All we know of the matter is, that *Don Gallardo* was ſuddenly transformed into a great man by marriage; but this is the firſt inſtance we ever remember to have met with of *Viceroyal honours* conſtituting a part of a wife's jointure. That the wife ſucceeds, *ipſo facto*, by marriage, to a participation in the titles and honours of the huſband, we readily concede; but the reverſe of this

propoſition

propoſition will not be found to hold good. Few and limited are the caſes, in which rank devolves upon the huſband, in right of his wife; and never till this moment have we been given to underſtand, that the ſucceſſion to a *Vice-royſhip* was among the number.

Yet, great as is the inconſiſtency of *Don Gallardo*'s character, a ſtill greater degree of folly and abſurdity attaches to that of *Splaſh*. In the opening of the piece he is introduced to us as an illiterate, low-bred varlet, who has not enjoyed even the advantages of a pariſh-ſchool education; for we are expreſsly told by *Splaſh* himſelf, that he can neither *read* nor *write*. His chief object of ſolicitude appears to be his belly!—his whole converſation turns on eating and drinking—he is a glutton of the moſt voracious caſt, by his own deſcription; and his manners and his language are equally vulgar and deteſtable. Yet, by a ſudden metamorphoſis (the parallel to which was never known in actual life) we behold him aſſume a very different character. He affects the courtier!—ſpeaks in tropes and metaphors!—tells the Viceroy's lady, that he will make her the repreſentative of the *Queen of Beauty*, as well as of the *Queen of Spain!*—diſcovers a practical knowledge of the forms and uſages of law-proceedings!—and, what muſt ſtill more excite our admiration and aſtoniſhment, is competent to preſide in a *Spaniſh* Court of Juſtice—to hear evidence—examine witneſſes, and pronounce judgment, though he does not underſtand a ſingle word of the Spaniſh language! If ſuch glaring abſurdities as theſe are to be paſſed over and excuſed, on the plea, that the dialogue of an *Opera* is merely to be conſidered as the vehicle of *ſhow* and *ſound*, there is an end to all dramatic criticiſm. In that caſe, the literary department of an Opera might be left to the *ſcene-ſhifters*, and the Manager would ſave a conſiderable portion of the expence he incurs by the production of a New

Piece, as the *copy-right* of ſuch works (from the facility of their *manufacture*) muſt neceſſarily be an article of cheap purchaſe.

It is not our wiſh to ſtrain criticiſm beyond its juſt limits —otherwiſe we might feel tempted to apply the ſame objection, as far as involves the knowledge of the Spaniſh tongue, to *Frederic*. We know well, that profeſſional men, in *Frederic*'s ſituation, and line of life, have various opportunities of acquiring the living languages. But a judicious author will always be careful to *anticipate* objections. He will not merely adhere to *poſſibility*; but to *probability* alſo. Mr. Morton might, with the greateſt facility, have obviated all doubt and cavil, by cauſing *Frederic* to remark, that he had formerly had an opportunity of rendering himſelf converſant with the Spaniſh language. Where the means of preſerving conſiſtency are ſo eaſily attainable, neglect becomes doubly reprehenſible.

Sligo is nearly as great a *caricature* as *Don Gallardo* himſelf. This ſpecies of *dramatic monſters* owes its birth in a great meaſure, to the preſent prepoſterous ſyſtem, (on which we have frequently had occaſion to animadvert) which our modern dramatic writers have adopted, of drawing their characters with an eye to to particular and individual actors. Inſtead of leaving the performer to qualify himſelf for the part—they qualify the part for the performer. Becauſe Mr. Johnſtone has acquired (and moſt deſervedly ſo) great celebrity by his apt perſonation of Iriſh characters—they needs muſt lug an Iriſhman into the liſt of *Dramatis Perſonæ*, without giving themſelves the trouble to reflect, whether it can be done with propriety, or not?—whether the part aſſimilates with the reſt of the characters, and is reconcileable with the general tenor of the piece? Such a *motley* being as *Sligo* deſcribes himſelf,—"a ſuperintendant of miſcellaneous ſervices!—an overſeer

of

of *odds and ends*!—an hotch-potch comptroller of *bits and ſcraps*!—and Grand Regulator of *this, that and t'other.*" —might paſs well enough for a buffoon and Merry-Andrew; but could never poſſeſs influence with men who hold the reins of government, and leaſt of all under a Spaniſh adminiſtration. 'Tis ſuch a character as we ſee no where but on the ſtage, and 'tis the pleaſantry of Mr. Johnſtone's acting alone, that renders ſuch characters ſupportable. Theſe remarks we offer generally, and not as applying excluſively to Mr. Morton.

The character of *Bonito*, in the aggregate, calls leſs for animadverſion, than any of the preceding perſonages; though certainly we may be allowed to take ſome exception at the readineſs (amounting to downright folly and ſtupidity) with which he parts with *Don Valentia*'s ten thouſand piſtoles (contrary to the expreſs tenor of his contract) to *Lupoſo*, and his want of common prudence in not examining the paper which *Lupoſo* impoſes upon him as his bond. No man, but an ideot, would pay away ſo large a ſum of money without ſatisfying himſelf that he has a legal diſcharge. *Bonito*, on the contrary, accepts of a *ſealed* paper, which he puts into his pocket, without taking the trouble to open it. The man who can thus act, deſerves almoſt to ſuffer for his folly and imprudence.

We paſs over *Don Valentia*, *Roderic*, and *Lupoſo*, as being little more than walking characters. To theſe we may add the *Inca*, whoſe exertions *on* the ſtage (for the murder of *Roderic* takes place *behind* the ſcenes) are chiefly confined to the vocal department. We proceed, therefore, to a ſcrutiny of *Her Excellency*, *Signora Doloroſo de Gallardo*. This lady acts a more prominent part in the drama; but like her huſband, the *Viceroy*, ſhe appears rather in the light of a *caricature*, than that of a picture ſketched from actual life. Proud, haughty and imperious as the author

has repreſented her, ſome competent reaſon ought to be aſſigned, as her inducement for marrying a man ſo greatly her interior, a man of ſo low, vulgar and contemptible a character, as *Don Gallardo*, and whoſe purſuits and habits of life are ſo diametrically oppoſite to her own. On this point, the author is altogether ſilent, though the neceſſity of ſome explanation muſt immediately ſtrike every obſervant and intelligent ſpectator. Indeed, the whole of her conduct is uniformly *outre* and extravagant, as well ſubſequently, as prior to her *coſmetic regen ration*. The ſudden tranſition from a *termagant* to a *demirep*, which marks her character, is totally repugnant to nature.

In the perſon of *Clara* (from whoſe blindneſs the Opera derives its name) we behold a genuine offspring of the *German* Dramatic School. That affectation of artleſſneſs and ſimplicity, that exaggerated *wire-drawn ſentimentality*, that *effeminate philoſophy*, that heterogeneous mixture of common-place and rhodomontade, which form the prominent feature in Kotzebue's heroines, conſtitute, likewiſe, the leading characteriſtic of Mr. Morton's *Blind Girl*. Inſtead of the unſophiſticated child of Nature, we behold the phantom of imagination—one of thoſe beings which never exiſted but in the brain of our modern novel-writers, who have invented a new deſcription of *Fairy Tales*, for the edification of *boarding-ſchool ladies*. The reſtoration of *Clara*'s ſight, has furniſhed the author with an opportunity (of which he has amply availed himſelf) of retailing a kind of *water-gruel* philoſophy. He makes his heroine lecture forth (and no doubt very prettily, in the eſtimation of the major-part of the audience) on the ſcience of optics—on the laws of perſpective—on ſpace and diſtance, with a variety of ſimilar topics, which ſound very well in the delivery; but have this ſmall practical defect, that they are totally out of place, and miſapplied. All thoſe who know any thing

thing of the operations of the human mind, and the manner in which perceptions are imbibed through the organs of ſenſe, will readily agree with us, that it would require a conſiderable lapſe of time, and much experience before *Clara* could be brought to * recognize objects by her eye. Still leſs would ſhe be capable of comprehending, in an inſtant as ſhe does in Mr. Morton's Opera) the effects of diſtance, and the relative proportions of things. We are well aware of the reply, which may be urged in bar of this objection, " that *Clara* was not *blind from her birth.*" But as it is apparent from the whole tenor of the Opera, that ſhe loſt her eye-ſight at ſuch a tender age, as not to retain the ſlighteſt recollection or idea of forms and appearances (for when ſhe ſpeaks of the *beauty* of a flower, ſhe refers entirely to its *ſcent*) the validity of our objection muſt be allowed to operate in its fulleſt force and extent. We offer theſe remarks, not from a captious diſpoſition, but from friendly and generous motives, to ſhow how cautious dramatic writers (eſpecially thoſe who can only aſpire to the title of a *Bel-eſprit*) ſhould be of venturing beyond their depth; and becauſe we are firmly of opinion, that the preſent rage for *ſlip-ſlop* literature, and that *ſmattering* of Natural Philoſophy, which has lately been introduced by certain faſhionable female goſſips (ſuch, for inſtance, as Miſs H— M——e, Mrs. B——d, Mrs. T——r; and other diſtinguiſhed members of the *Blue-Stocking Club*——to which liſt we might add the name of a diſtinguiſhed *male* goſſip,

* In corroboration of this aſſertion, the Editor of the *Dramatic Cenſor* confidently appeals to the experience of every profeſſional gentleman—and more particularly to thoſe who have directed their ſtudies to ophthalmic reſearches.

goſſip, the noted Dr. A——n) have totally enervated, emaſculated, and unſtrung the vigorous ſenſe of feeling—the manly taſte and judgment of the age.

Proceed we now from an inveſtigation of character, to a review of the language and literary merits of the New Opera. Here we ſhall find ſtill greater room for cenſure and animadverſion. The dialogue has not the ſmalleſt pretenſion to wit—it ſports, indeed, a few *puns*, but even for theſe it is principally indebted to that celebrated author, and that never-failing reſource of *minor genius*, *Joe Miller!* Nay, we might even go a ſtep further, and aſſert, that not the *dialogue* merely, but ſeveral parts of the *plot*, likewiſe, have been borrowed from that elegant writer. The terms of *Bonito*'s loan—the perfidy of *Lupoſo*, and the entrapment of *Don Valentia* in his own toils, are all and ſeverally emanations from that fertile ſource of invention. The only merit, which the author appears entitled to lay claim to, in the compoſition of the New Opera, is the practical knowledge, grounded on habit and experience, of ludicrous ſituation and ſtage effect. Of this he has, in various inſtances, ſucceſsfully availed himſelf. But the general and predominant character of the piece is that of the broadeſt Farce. 'Tis the buffoonery of the preſent day; and to the perverted taſte of the preſent day only, is it indebted for ſufferance and toleration.

From the liberality of the Manager the author has experienced every poſſible aſſiſtance. No expence has been ſpared in the ſcenic department; but, on the contrary, enery exertion made, to emulate and eclipſe the attractions of thoſe magnificent *ſpectacles—Blue-Beard*, and *Pizarro*. Independant of a conſiderable acceſſion of new and ſplendid ſcenery, painted from correct drawings of the country, in the vicinity of Lima, with a profuſion of new and coſtly dreſſes, and other appropriate decorations, we are preſented

ſented with a Grand Proceſſion, exhibiting the Triumphal Entry of the Peruvian Viceroy into the capital of that kingdom, which in point of pageantry and gew-gaw tawdrineſs yields the palm to few of our ſtage repreſentations. There is likewiſe a Funeral proceſſion, of great pomp and ſolemnity, in which the *coſtume* of China is tranſplanted to Peru—and a ſcene introduced, which might be miſtaken for the Chineſe *Feaſt of Lanterns*. *Singing* and *dancing* have likewiſe amply contributed their ſhare towards augmenting the faſcinations of the Piece. Yet, with all theſe powerful ſupports, the ſucceſs of the New Opera has not, in any meaſure, been commenſurate to the expectation that was originally formed of it. It has merely been able to prolong a lingering exiſtence, but does not rank among the fortunate ſpeculations of the preſent ſeaſon.

To the exertions of the Performers, the author is moſt eminently indebted. Meſſrs. Munden, Johnſtone, and Fawcett, who are indeed its main pillars of ſupport, were perfectly at home in their reſpective parts. Mr. Incledon has ſome delightful airs, which he executes in his happieſt ſtyle. Hill and Townſend are likewiſe entitled to commendation. Mrs. Mattocks appears to conſiderable advantage, as the repreſentative of *Signora Doloroſo*. Mrs. H. Johnſton, from her want of vocal powers, is avowedly ill qualified to ſuſtain a *ſinging* character—but in every other reſpect, ſhe does juſtice to the intereſting part of *Clara*. To ſpeak in general terms, the Piece was uniformly well caſt, and even thoſe performers, who had comparatively but little to do, executed that little with ſpirit and effect.

We ſubjoin a copy of ſome of the Songs, as a ſpecimen of the poetry. The following parody of Steeven's celebrated *Deſcription of a Storm at Sea*, is peculiarly entitled to notice, as a happy conceit, in itſelf, and the whim of which acquires no mean addition from the circumſtance of its being

being addreſſed to Incledon, who juſtly conſiders the *Storm* as one of his happieſt efforts. The *groteſque* manner in which it is given by * Mr. Fawcett can only be conceived by thoſe, who have had an opportunity of witneſſing his performance.

I

Ceaſe, thou gnawing, grumbling railer!
Liſt, kind maſter, unto me;
Hear a poor freſh-water ſailor
Curſe the hour he went to ſea.
A tar, all pitch, did hoarſely bawl, Sir—
"All hands aloft"—"Sweet Sir, not I;
"Though drowning I don't fear at all, Sir,
"I dread a rope exceedingly."

II.

Good-eating none has a better hand at;
But little practice had I here:
The Madeiras we could not land at,
Nor the *Turtle-ſhore* come near!
At length the ſailors cry'd:—"We ſpy land"
I then, for goodly cheer did look;
For I heard it was a *Sandwich* iſland,
And diſcover'd by a *Cook*!

III. But

* The rapidity of this gentleman's utterance is well known, and qualifies him, in preference, perhaps, to any other performer of the preſent day, for a particular *caſt* of Songs, the effect of which depends almoſt entirely on this peculiar *characteriſtic*. No doubt many of our readers recollect his whimſical ſong in the *Review*; or the *Wags of Windſor*, produced laſt ſeaſon at the Haymarket theatre, and commencing thus:

'I'm pariſh-clerk, and ſexton here,
'My name is *Caleb Quotem*,' &c.

In

III.

But yams and nuts don't hit my notion,
And Fate had other woes in ſtore;
For *Storms* in the *Pacific* ocean,
Bump'd me on this curſed ſhore.
But let me reach a place in my land,
I'll not heed what India yields:
It is called *Porridge-Iſland*,
In St. Martin's in the Fields.

In the preſent Opera, Mr. Fawcett has a ſong, which demands an equal degree of *rattle* and *velocity*, and which he delivers in a ſtyle of *groteſque* that literally may be ſaid to convulſe the houſe with laughter:

Believe me, in country and town,
No coſmetic, but mine, would go down;
Both young ones and old ones would flock at my call,
And for pimples, and wrinkles they purchas'd it all.
The ſweet creatures would cry:—
"Your art, Sir, I'll try,
"For a freckle I ſpy,
"Juſt below my left eye."
To the face, pale and wan, gave the bluſh of the roſe,
And plac'd on the *cheek*, what I found on the *noſe*.
Some ſmirking,
Some jerking,
Some crummy,
Some gummy;
Eyes aſkew,
Noſes blue,
Sallow cheek,
Made ſo ſleek.

Mr. Incledon has a ſea-ſong, which furniſhes him with an excellent opportunity of diſplaying the extent of his vocal powers.

I.

The Britiſh Tar no peril knows,
But, fearleſs, braves the angry deep:
The ſhip's his cradle of repoſe,
And ſweetly rocks him to his ſleep.
He, though the raging ſurges ſwell,
In his hammocks ſwings,
When the ſteerſman ſings,
"Steady ſhe goes—all's well!"

II. While

'Bove all commendation my trade is.
Smiling face,
Prate apace,
Tell the news,
All amuſe,
Aim to ſhow,
What's the go;
That's the way,
Now a day,
To ſhine, as a man for the ladies.

To tell where I've been,
Or, what fair ones I've ſeen,
In places, where I my abode took,
I'm ſure it would fill,
A chancery bill,
Or as long be as Paterſon's Road-Book.
Firſt, at Acton, and Ealing,
Their faces I'm peeling,

At

II.

While to the main-top yard he ſprings,
An Engliſh veſſel heaves in view,
He aſks—but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate he lov'd ſo true.

At Ilcheſter, and Dorcheſter,
And Chicheſter, and Porcheſter,
At Woolwich, and Highgate,
And Dulwich, and Ryegate,
At Beckingham, and Oakingham,
At Buckingham, and Rockingham,
At Brummagem,
I rummage 'em,
At Deptford, and Hampton,
And Bedford, and Bampton,
At Harlow, and Charmouth,
And Marlow, and Yarmouth,
At Dartford, and Darking,
And Hartford, and Barking,
At Worceſter, and Cheſter,
At Glouceſter, and Leiceſter,
At Teddington, and Amerſham,
And Paddington, and Feverſham,
At Holyhead, and Riverhead,
And Maidenhead, and Leatherhead.
In chaiſes and four I've rattled off to Daventry,
And many is the time that I've been ſent to Coventry.
To this liſt let me add, and the vanity pardon—
I've made many a fair one ſmile in fam'd Covent-Garden,
Where ſome are ſmirking,
Some jerking,
Some crummy,
Some ghummy, &c.

Then ſighs he for his native dell;
Yet to Hope he clings,
When the ſteerſman ſings:
"Steady ſhe goes—all's well!"

III.

The ſtorm is paſt—the battle's o'er—
Nature and man repoſe in peace;
Then, homeward bound, on England's ſhore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will ceaſe.
His Kate's ſweet voice thoſe joys foretell,
And his big heart ſprings,
While the ſteerſman ſings:
"Steady ſhe goes—all's well!"

Munden and Johnſtone have likewiſe ſome good comic ſongs allotted to them, of which the following appear to us the moſt entitled to notice.

SONG.—Mr. Munden.

I'm like an old lion belabour'd with blows,
That about in a cage is carried;
Or a dancing bear, with a ring at my noſe,
Or like—in ſhort, I am married.
How chang'd is the ſcene,
From what it has been!
I muſt march with this terrible train;
Hear the trumpet's clang,
And the drum bang, bang.
Inſtead of the fiddle's gay ſtrain.
Once happy was I with pipe and jug,
And a laſs inclin'd to be merry,
In the chimney corner I ſat ſnug,
With a hob and nob in old ſherry,
Qui viva! la! la!

The

The tongue of a wife on the drum of the ear,
Gives knocks that cannot be parried;
So, to be a great man I've paid deviliſh dear,
Which proves—in ſhort, I am married.
How chang'd, &c.

IRISH SONG—Mr. Johnstone.

When I was a boy, juſt as long as a ſpan,
I was taught by the prieſt, the whole duty of man;
"Maſter Sligo," ſays he, "child, your leſſon begin,
"Blow your noſe, my fine boy, now, and cock up your chin,
"Pray what were you made for?" ſays I, "Sir, becaaſe,
"I was made, holy father, the ladies to plaaſe."
And ſure, and I was; for the women they ſmil'd,
Saying, "Faith, Maſter Sligo's a promiſing child."
With his fal de ral, &c.

II.

Then they made me believe that, being young in my youth,
I muſt ſwear a round hand, all from out of my mouth,
And caper and wriggle it all ſorts of ways,
And fight like a devil the ladies to plaaſe.
There was tall Kitty Kallaghan, ſhort Betty Burke,
There was fat Bridget Brallaghan, lean Mrs. Quirk,
And buckets full more of them, threw me a lure,
And ſure, and to plaaſe them—was no ſinecure.
With my fal de ral, &c.

III.

Then the mines of Potoſi, I came for to view,
Juſt to make myſelf coſey, and pick up a few;
But as here, by my faith, 'tis too hot to remain,
When the wind I can raiſe, why, I'll ſail home again;

Then

Then, with *Spaniſh* in pocket, tho' none on my tongue,
How I ſhall be blarney'd by old, and by young,
Both the tits and the tabbies, will tittering ſay,
" Dear Sligo, you're welcome as flow'rs in May.
And ſo is your Spaniſh fal lal, &c.

Several judicious curtailments took place on the ſecond night, by which the repreſentation was abridged by the ſpace of at leaſt a full hour. Many of the moſt exceptionable paſſages were omitted; but the general complexion of the New Opera is ſuch, that no *partial* alterations can obviate its defects, or render it deſerving of public ſupport. We do not conceive ourſelves liable to the imputation of *prudery*, and over-ſtrained *nicety*; but we cannot help remarking, that in many inſtances the author borders too cloſely upon indelicacy. Some of his expreſſions are ſo luſcious, ſome of his *equivoques* of ſuch palpable alluſion; that it impoſſible for the chaſteſt ear to miſtake their application. Where an audience conſiſts of a large proportion of young, and it is preſumed, virtuous females, the moſt rigid atttention ought to be paid to the preſervation of decorum.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *April* 25, 1801.

JULIAN AND AGNES—*W. Sotheby.* The HUMOURIST—*Cobb.*

Mr. WILLIAM SOTHEBY, the author of the New Tragedy performed this evening, for the firſt time, is a gentleman, who has acquired conſiderable celebrity in the literary world by his poetical productions. Independant of ſeveral * *original* compoſitions (among which is the *Siege of Cuzco.*

* Mr. Sotheby has likewiſe publiſhed a *Tranſlation of Virgil's Georgics*;—*A Tour through part of Wales*—A Volume of *Sonnets, Odes*, &c.—And the *Battle of the Nile*, a poem on Nelſon's victory

Cuzco, a dramatic poem) he has favoured the Britiſh public with an elegant tranſlation of Wieland's *Oberon*—a work, which, from its difficulty, might well have deterred any writer of ordinary talents from the enterprize; but which Mr. Sotheby has executed with ſuch ſuperior ability, as has procured him a moſt flattering acknowledgement from the author, who in his letter on this ſubject, publiſhed in the *Monthly Magazine*, for June, 1798, pronounces it "a genuine maſter-piece, poſſeſſing all the grace, and elegance of the original, at the ſame time, that it conſtitutes a model of fidelity and accuracy." When we add, that the poem of * *Oberon* is juſtly conſidered among the *chef d'œuvres* of its celebrated author, and that it conſiſts of no leſs than fourteen Cantos——no more, we apprehend, need be ſaid to prove at once the arduouſneſs of the taſk, and the extraordinary merit of the man, who has ſo ſucceſsfully atchieved it.

We have expreſsly enlarged on this ſubject, to ſhow, that we entertain a due ſenſe of Mr. Sotheby's literary talents, in the aggregate; and to obviate any miſconſtruction, which might otherwiſe ariſe from the application of an *individual* caſe to a *general* principle. If, in the courſe of our remarks on Mr. Sotheby's preſent production, we ſhould incline leſs to panegyric than might be expected, from the general eſtimation of his talents, we beg leave to obſerve, that there is a wide and eſſeutial difference between writing for the *cloſet*, and the *ſtage*; and that a man of very moderate abilities may ſucceed as a dramatic author, provided he keeps

* Perhaps it may not be unacceptable to our Readers to be informed, that the ſubject of *Mozart*'s celebrated Opera, entitled the *Magic Flute*, is taken from Wieland's *Oberon*.

keeps his *common-place book* well ſtored, and has a mechanical knowledge of ſtage trickery and effect, whilſt a writer of ſuperior powers, from a want of being hackniedd in the ways and practices of a theatre, may fail in his attempt to pleaſe an audience, though he communicate the higheſt gratification to his reader. Add to this, that the town has long ſince loſt all taſte and reliſh for *Tragedy*; and that even thoſe Tragedies of old and eſtabliſhed repute, which ſtill are honoured with occaſional repreſentation, would have no chance of ſucceeding, if it were poſſible to obliterate paſt impreſſions, and produce them now, as *original* compoſitions.

Applying theſe remarks to the tragedy which forms the immediate ſubject of diſcuſſion, we cannot deny, that *Julian and Agnes* ranks in that claſs of dramatic poems which pleaſe better in the *cloſet* than in the *repreſentation*. As a *literary* compoſition, it poſſeſſes many beauties; but as a piece, intended for *theatrical* exhibition, it is deficient in almoſt every eſſential requiſite. It wants incident, wants variety, wants contraſt of character, wants intricacy of plot, and thoſe felicitous ſituations, which produce, what is technically denominated *ſtage effect*. Againſt ſuch momentous, and indiſpenſible *deſiderata*, the merit of poetic diction, and nervous language form but a poor equivalent. A critic of very moderate diſcernment might, on the firſt peruſal, have foreſeen, that it was not calculated to ſucceed on the ſtage; and were we not well acquainted with the nature of theatrical cabal and intrigue, we might expreſs our ſurprize at the want of judgment and penetration, on the part of the Manager and his co-adjutors, in bringing it forward. The production of *Julian and Agnes* adds another evidence to the long liſt of proofs, that the *acceptance* or *rejection* of a play does not depend ſolely and entirely

entirely on its intrinsic merits—nor, what is stranger still, on its probable chance of success.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julian (Count of Tortona, under the assumed name of *Alfonso*)	Mr Kemble.
Provost	Mr. Wroughton.
Prior	Mr. Packer.
Confessor	Mr. Barrymore.
Infirmier	Mr. Holland.
Francis (Attendant on *Agnes*)	Mr. Powell.
Claude	Mr. Trueman,
Guide	Mr Cooke.
Banditti	Messrs. Fisher, Surmont, Chippendale, Evans.
Agnes (Countess of Tortona)	Mrs. Siddons.
Ellen	Miss Biggs,
Attendants	Miss B. Menage. Mrs. Sontley.

The plot, or fable of the piece, may be comprized in a very narrow compass. Indeed, the best exposition we can give of it, will be found (making the necessary additions for subsequent events) in the following extract from the play itself, which will serve, at the same time, as a specimen of the author's style and manner. *Julian*, the hero of Mr. Sotheby's drama, under the assumed name of *Alfonso*, thus relates his history, in the Fourth Act, to the *Provost* of the Monastery of *Great St. Bernard*, to which place he had retired, not by way of refuge or asylum, but for the purpose of expiating his offences, by voluntary penance, and by deeds of peril encountered in the service of the convent.

Alfonſo. ——" About my twentieth year—
That was the time, when brave Novara's Lord,
Stricken in years, but ſtill in heart a warrior,
Bade hold a tournament—his daughter's hand
The envied prize; if he that foil'd the field,
Made oath, when wedded, at his own free charge,
To arm five hundred knights, all cas'd in ſteel,
In right of Sforza's heir, from Milan's throne
Driv'n by ambitious France.——
" I went, and won the prize—a beauteous bride;
One, whoſe rare mind, high character'd, o'erpaſt
All that the eye preſag'd of inward worth.
Ill-fated Agnes!—Breath'd a man on earth,
Who ſlightingly had nam'd thee—on his head
My ſword had thy pre-eminence maintain'd
Peerleſs above thy ſex—Yet, *her* I left—
Not then—not then—five years firſt glided by,
And happineſs was——her's——
Then came the wars, and all the accidents
Of doubtful conflict——With our forces march'd
The Banneret that led the hardy Swiſs.
One, for his ſkill in arms call'd from his flock:
A ſwain; but proud of ſoul——
What needs his name?—that time I ſav'd his life;
And he, too, reſcued me——him! him! I murder'd.
——" He ſmote me—the wide world
Has rung with my diſgrace——A ſoldier's blood
Boils in theſe veins!——
He ſhould have plung'd his dagger in my heart,
As mine was ſheath'd in his:
That had been noble vengeance——But a blow!
——" In the laſt battle at Novara's ſiege,
When, from their ſteeds diſmounted, Gaul's brave knights
Stood, with portended ſpears, in firm array
Immoveable——When fear had ſeiz'd our hoſts—

The

The Banneret and I—in arms ſworn brothers,
Ruſh'd emulous on, and in our breaſts receiv'd
The oppoſing points—Our men the opening made
Follow'd and conquer'd—As we bleeding lay:
" Be thou (he ſaid) a brother to an orphan,
" Who has but me"—I vow'd, and ſwoon'd upon him.
When next I woke, 'twas in Novara's walls;
Of him no more was known———
" Sforza reſtor'd, when war had ceas'd to rage,
My name and rank diſguis'd, I went as one
Dear to her brother; and within a dell,
Lock'd in by heights, which ſcarce the neighbouring ſwain
Croſt with his flock in ſummer, found the orphan.
Oh! at the ſight of her, the peaſant girl!
——Spare the recital———
I woo'd, I won, I married her.
——" Time flew by
On wings of rapture, while remembrance ſlept.
But when the fiend was rous'd, fang'd ſcorpions ſtung me—
At times, falſe cauſe pretended, I withdrew,
Short abſence, to Tortona—there the ſmile
That ever met, me on harſh queſtion aſked,
Arm'd with new ſting the viper at my heart!
I had leſs keenly ſuffer'd, had reproof
Scowl'd at my entrance—It was never ſo—
But, oh! the curſe! While Agnes claſp'd my neck,
My thought was of another!—On a day,
When, as our wont, gay revels rous'd Tortona,
In honour of our nuptials; as the pomp
Mov'd on, the Counteſs radiant at my ſide,
Forth ruſh'd the Banneret———
" Traitor! receive from him, who ſav'd thy life,
" Fit meed for guilt like thine!"—He ſpoke, and ſmote me;
Smote me, Novarra's daughter by my ſide!
Then my ſwift ſteel———
——" He fell—

But died in Ellen's arms—and his laſt breath
Bound her to break the tie, that lock'd her ſoul
To perjury and murder——I return'd———
At ſight of me, for ſtill our hearts were one—
Her woe to frenzy roſe—That time, this hand,
Aim'd at my life—Heav'n will'd not ſo my death,
Though rumour widely ſpread it.

What further remains, to complete the *Analyſis* of the plot, is briefly this. Diſtracted with her woes, and cut to the heart with the diſcovery of *Julian*'s apoſtacy, *Ellen* commences a ſolitary wanderer. In this condition ſhe encounters *Agnes*, who deceived by a falſe report of *Julian's* death, had raiſed a monument to his memory, and was weeping over his tomb, when chance throws *Ellen* in her way. *Agnes*, ſtruck with pity at her unhappy fate, endeavours to conſole and mitigate her anguiſh. But the wound inflicted on *Ellen*'s ſoul is too deep to admit of cure. Her ſpirits are utterly broken, and her ſtrength ebbs apace. Conſcious, therefore, of her approaching diſſolution, ſhe intreats of *Agnes*, as her dying requeſt, to re-conduct her to the place of her nativity, that ſhe may repoſe in the grave of her anceſtors.

With this requeſt *Agnes* complies, and as *Ellen*'s weakneſs will not permit of her travelling in the cuſtomary mode, ſhe is carried in a litter over the ſnow-topt mountains of Switzerland. In the courſe of their journey they are attacked by banditti, in the vicinity of the Convent of *Great St. Bernard*, in which place *Julian* had taken up his reſidence, under the name of *Alfonſo*. Diſappointed in their hopes of plunder, the robbers are on the point of diſpatching their victims, when *Alfonſo* ſuddenly makes his appearance—ſtabs one of the aſſaſſins, and puts the reſt to flight; but is himſelf mortally wounded in the ſtruggle.

An

An affecting recognition now takes place between *Julian* and his deſerted wife, the counteſs. The diſtreſs of this ſcene is greatly heightened and enhanced by the acceſſion of *Ellen*, who reveals herſelf to *Julian*, in the agonies of death, and after aſſuring him of her forgiveneſs, expires in the very act of joining his hand with that of *Agnes*. *Julian* ſurvives her but a few moments; and the piece concludes with a ſolemn warning againſt the indulgence of illicit love.

Conſidered in a moral point of view, Mr. Sotheby's Tragedy is, in the ſtricteſt acceptation of the term, unexceptionable. Its principal object (to adopt the author's expreſs words) is "to ſtrengthen the bond of virtuous "affection, by holding forth to public view the miſeries "attendant on the indulgence of criminal paſſion." As ſuch, we cannot but applaud the deſign, and have only to wiſh we could add, that the author had been equally ſucceſsful in the execution. The ground-work of the Play is ſaid to be taken from a French Novel, which has, likewiſe, if we are rightly informed, been dramatized by Mr. PRATT, whoſe Tragedy, we underſtand, was accepted under the former management, but is now, of courſe, completely foreſtalled by Mr. Sotheby's production. This preference, in favour of Mr. Sotheby's play, if we may credit report, originated in Mr. Sotheby having very dexterouſly conſulted the Manager's vanity, by making *Alfonſo* (who in many points bears a ſtrong reſemblance to *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*) not only the leading, but we might add, the *only* prominent figure in the picture, to the almoſt total * *extinction* of the reſidue of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. This of courſe, could not fail of proving a reſiſtleſs lure to the

* A gentleman being aſked by the Manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who attended the firſt repreſentation of *Julian and Agnes*, in

the manager, who, as the repreſentative of *Alfonſo*, engroſſes (with the exception of a ſubordinate character, but ſtill the *ſecond beſt* in the piece, allotted to his ſiſter, and the ſhort part of *Ellen*, aſſigned to Miſs Biggs) nearly the whole of the dialogue to himſelf. And truth compels us to obſerve, that if ever the exertions of an *individual* actor were competent to atone for the total abſence of intereſt, in the reſt of the *corps*, 'tis in the preſent inſtance. Mr. Kemble's perſonation of *Alfonſo* was, from firſt to laſt, a maſter-piece of hiſtrionic art. He evidently has ſtudied the character *con amore*, and his performance of it ſhows to what an enviable pitch of greatneſs his powers are capable of attaining, when judiciouſly directed. We have only to regret, that he has loſt by ſome ſtrange fatality his hold upon the public favour, and no longer conſtitutes that proud point of attraction he once did.

Agnes and *Ellen* were ably repreſented by Mrs. Siddons and Miſs Biggs. The reſt of the performers offer no ſcope for critical animadverſion, having little else to do than to liſten in ſilent admiration to the long and elaborate harangues of the Manager. On the general average, there were ſeldom more than two perſons engaged in the dialogue in the ſame ſcene No wonder, then, that the audience ſoon grew *drowſy*, and paſſed by a natural tranſition from *yawnnig* to *coughing*, and from *coughing* by a tranſition equally natural, to the *dernier reſort* of groaning and hiſſing. Such indeed, was the uproar, ſuch the tumult and confuſion, ſuch the conflict of diſcordant

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in the Upper Boxes, what he thought of the New Tragedy?—replied not unaptly: "That it was an *ill-made* pudding, with only "*one plumb*, and *two currants* in it:—the *plumb* for Mr. Kemble "—one *currant* for Mrs. Siddons—another for Miſs Biggs—and "the *dough* for the reſt of the performers."

diſcordant voices, which prevailed towards the concluſion of the Play, that on the attempt being made to announce it for repetition, 'twas impoſſible to underſtand a ſingle ſyllable. The *No's*, however, had clearly a decided majority.

The new ſcenery to *Julian* and *Agnes* is not ſtrictly appropriate; for which, perhaps, a very ſatiſfactory reaſon might be aſſigned, without in the leaſt implicating the taſte and judgement of the Artiſt; it being underſtood to be the policy of a certain perſon, who at preſent has great ſway and influence in the œconomy of the theatre, to provide an ample ſtock of ſcenery, dreſſes &c at the *expence of the preſent proprietorſhip*, which he may afterwards turn to his own profit and account, when he ſhall have a deeper intereſt in the eſtabliſhment.

In the *minor* department of dreſs, as dependant on the caprice of the individual, we would beg leave to ſuggeſt to the female performers a little more attention to fitneſs and analogy. What can be more abſurd, than in a ſcene which preſents us with a view of *ice mountains* and *precipices of snow*, to ſee ladies travelling with *naked arms*? Or, what amounts to the ſame effect, with ſleeves ſcarcely reaching below the ſhoulders, and a glove of *cobweb texture* drawn over their arms to give them the ſemblance and appearance of *nudity*! This inconſiſtency becomes ſtill more glaring, when we ſee *Ellen* who *is* repreſented to be at the very point of death, ſtanding encompaſſed with ice and ſnow, as ſhe does in the ſecond ſcene of the third act, yet dreſſed in the ridiculous, becauſe unappropriate faſhion, of *naked arms!*

Mr. Powell delivered the Prologue, in which we diſcovered no particular beauties. The Epilogue, ſpoken by Miſs Biggs, bore ſtill leſs analogy to the Play, conſiſting prin-

principally of an eulogium on the exploits of Lord Nelſon. The theatre, as cuſtomary on ſuch occaſions, was numerouſly attended.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *April* 25, 1801.

The BLIND GIRL—*Morton.* The NAVAL PILLAR—*T. Dibdin.*

In commemmoration of the Victory of the Britiſh Arms, a New Scene was this evening introduced and added to the *Naval Pillar*, repreſenting the Deſtruction of the Daniſh Batteries, Ships, &c. in the late Naval Attack off Copenhagen, on the ſecond of April.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *April* 27, 1801.

MACBETH—*Shakſpere.* LODOISKA—*J. P. Kemble.*

When we inform our readers, that the repreſentations of this evening were for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons, it will doubtleſs excite in them no ſmall ſurprize to hear us add, that on no occaſion whatever have we ſeen either Mrs. Siddons herſelf, or her brother, the Manager perform ſo ill, as they did this evening, in their reſpective parts, as the hero and heroine of the piece. A gentlemsn of no ordinary ſcale of intellect, as well as of conſiderable ſkill and experience in theatrical criticiſm, who was preſent on the occaſion, very pertinently obſerved, that a *miſnomer* had been committed in the Bills—for, that inſtead of Mrs. Siddons's benefit, the play ought to have been announced, for the benefit of Mr. Cooke, ſo greatly did Mr. Kemble's ſlovenly ſtyle of acting this evening, operate in favour of the

the former gentleman. Such, indeed, seemed to be the general opinion of the intelligent part of the audience.

The Tragedy was succeeded by the Romance of *Lodoiska*, for the first time this season.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *April* 27, 1801.

The BLIND GIRL—*Morton*. The NAVAL PILLAR—*T. Dibdin*. The SPOIL'D CHILD—*Mrs. Jordan*.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *April* 28, 1801.

JULIAN AND AGNES—*W. Sotheby*. The PANNEL—*J. P. Kemble*.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *April* 28, 1801:

The POINT OF HONOUR—*(From the French.)* The REVIEW; or, The WAGS OF WINDSO —*G. Colman*. OBI; or, THREE-FINGER'D JACK—*Fawcett*.

For the benefit of Mr. Fawcett, Mrs. Gibbs performed the character of *Rosa*, in the Pantomime. The house was crowded to overflow in every part.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *April* 29, 1801.

JULIAN AND AGNES—*W. Sotheby*. OUR DANCING DAYS—*Byrne*. MY GRANDMOTHER—*P. Hoare*.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *April* 29, 1801.

The BLIND GIRL—*Morton*. The NAVAL PILLAR—*T. Dibdin*. The JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*T. Dibdin*.

The part of *Splash*, in the Opera, by Mr. Blanchard, for the first time, as a substitute for Mr. Fawcett. We have frequently had occasion to bear testimony to the promising talents of Mr. Blanchard, and the experience of this evening confirmed us in the opinion we have formed and delivered of his ability. In the Farce he sustained the character of *Abednego*, with considerable address.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *April*, 30, 1801.

The CASTLE SPECTRE—*M. G. Lewis*. The LIAR—*S. Foote*.

Angela. Mrs. Jordan, being her first appearance in that character, during the present season.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *April* 30, 1801.

POOR GENTLEMAN.—*G. Colman*. LA PEROUSE.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *May* 1, 1801.

The BEGGAR'S OPERA—*Gay*. The WEDDING DAY—*Mrs. Inchbald*.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *May* 1, 1801.

The WAY TO GET MARRIED—*Morton*. PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb*. The NAVAL PILLAR—*T. Dibdin*.

For

For the joint benefit of Mr. Murray, and his amiable daughter, who this evening ſuſtained; for the firſt time, the reſpective characters of *Captain* and *Julia Faulkner*. In the Entertainment, Miſs Murray performed the part of *Virginia*, to which ſhe gave all that ſimplicity and genuine feeling of nature, which ought to ſtamp the character. We were highly gratified to ſee the riſing merit of this lovely young actreſs patronized and encouraged by a brilliant and overflowing audience.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *May* 2, 1801.

The CONFEDERACY—*Sir J. Vanbrugh*. LODOISKA—*J. P. Kemble*.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *May* 2, 1801.

The BLIND GIRL—*Morton*. The MIDNIGHT HOUR—*Mrs Inchbald*. The NAVAL PILLAR—*T. Dibdin*.

The whimſical farce of the *Midnight Hour* was this evening performed, for the firſt time this ſeaſon. Mr. Munden perſonated the *General*, Mr. Betterton the *Marquis*. Mr. Farley, *Sebaſtiou*. Mr. Atkins, *Matthias*: and Mr. Thompſon, *Ambroſe*. The female characters were thus caſt, *Flora*, Mrs. Mattocks. *Cecily*, Mrs. Davenport; and *Julia*, Miſs Chapman. The Piece, which really ranks among the beſt of our modern Farces; was received with univerſal applauſe, and we have only to expreſs our wonder, that it has been ſo long withheld.

DRURY

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *May* 4, 1801.

ADELMORN, the OUTLAW—*M. G. Lewis.* CROSS PURPOSES—*O'Brien.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

The *Printer* of the *Dramatic Cenſor* is under the neceſſity of apologizing, as well to the public, as to the *Editor*, for an aukward circumſtance, which, without any abſolute blame attaching either to himſelf, or to thoſe concerned in the *typographical* department of the work, has occaſioned a material deviation from the cuſtomary mode of conducting it. After the laſt eight pages had been compoſed, and the proof read by the *Editor*, the *form* had the misfortune to be broken to pieces, as it was conveying to the *preſs-room*. The *Printer* ſent immediately to the *Editor*; but the latter being from home, under the ſuppoſition, that the work was complete, it was reſolved by the advice of an intimate friend of the *Editor's* (the *Copy* having been returned with the *Proof*) not to treſpaſs on the province of the *Editor*, by transferring the *critical* department to another; but rather to ſupply the vacant pages, by inſerting, from that part of the *Manuſcript*, which was intended for the next Number—ſuch of the *Songs*, in *Adelmorn*, as the *Editor* had ſelected. The *Printer* hopes and truſts, the public will accept, in good part of an apology, founded on the neceſſity of the caſe, and ſuffer the *Plot* and *Critique* on *Adelmorn*, to be poſtponed till the next Number.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Adelmorn	Mr. C. Kemble.
Duke Sigiſmund	Mr. Powell.
Ulric	Mr. Raymond.
Cyprian	Mr. Barrymore.
Hermann (a page.)	Miſs De Camp.
Hugo	Mr. Suett.
Lodowick	Mr. Banniſter.

Innogen

Innogen - - -	Mrs. Jordan.
Orilla - - - -	Mrs. Mountain.
Gipſey - - - -	Mrs. Sparks.
Ella - - - -	Miſs B, Menage.

SONGS, &c. in ADELMORN.

SONG—Lodowick.

My grief and my hunger I fain would impart;
But, ye walls, I want language to tell ye,
How full of affliction I feel my poor heart,
How empty of food my poor belly!
Oh deign, ſome kind angel! to bring me relief,
Deſcend in the ſhape of a round of ſalt-beef!
Well garniſh'd with cabbage and carrot!
And if, for my woes, from your eye-lids divine,
Tears ſhould fall—be they drops, not of water, but wine,
And weep me a bottle of claret!

II.

Thin ghoſts of fat Abbots! be mov'd by my pray'r,
And pity my ſtarving condition;
I vow, what I aſk is no mighty affair,
So I hope that you'll grant my petition.
I ſue not, in flames, as a martyr to die;
And ſure, as a ſaint, to be perch'd up on high,
Would be glory too great for a ſinner!
I only requeſt, my dear ghoſts! juſt to go,
With a ſtomach, well-lin'd, to the regions below,
And, previous to death, go to dinner!

SONG—Hermann.

His wings in terror clapping
A little bird, laſt May,
Againſt my window flapping,
For ſhelter ſeem'd to pray.

With

With pity touch'd, I granted
The little bird's requeſt;
It trembled, flutter'd, panted,
I ſooth'd it on my breaſt.

II.

Well pleas'd, it ſeem'd to eye me,
I lov'd the pretty thing;
To keep it ever nigh me,
I clipp'd each little wing.
But yet I thought, ſincerely
To go it would be griev'd;
It ſeem'd to love me dearly;
And, oh! too well deceiv'd.

III.

Its wings by me neglected,
Again their feathers grew,
And, ere I aught ſuſpected,
One morn away it flew.
"That's yours (it cry'd) the blame is,
"Poor youth! too late you learn;
"So ſure as Love my name is,
"I never will return!"

SONG—Orilla.

A wolf, while Jutta ſlept, had made
Her favourite lamb his prize;
Young Caſper flew to give his aid,
Who heard the victim's cries.
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claim'd a kiſs for pay,
Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Caſper ſtaid away.

While

II.

While grateful feelings warm'd her breaſt,
She own'd ſhe lov'd the ſwain;
The youth eternal love profeſs'd,
And kiſs'd and kiſs'd again.
A fonder ſwain was never ſeen;
They toy'd the live-long day:
Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Caſper ſtaid away.

III.

At length the ſun his beams withdrew,
And night inviting ſleep,
Fond Jutta roſe, and bade adieu,
Then homeward drove her ſheep.
Alack! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,
For then they heard her ſay;
"Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
"Had Caſper ſtaid away!"

SONG—Lodowick.

Laſſes! haſte your hands to ſhow me,
Haſte, for Mother Bedra's here;
Skill'd in witchcraft, all who know me,
What my lips unfold, revere.
None my magic power deny,
'Tis not a lie,
For here am I,
If you doubt me, come and try.

II.

I by ſecret ſpells, diſcover
What the ſtars on earth intend.
Have you loſt a faithleſs lover?
Have you found a perjur'd friend?
I can make then pine and die:
'Tis not a lie, &c.

III.

Miſs, this charm gives information,
Who the ſilver goblet ſtole,
If you've torn your reputation,
Here's a ſpell can mend the *hole*.
There's a ſecret!—Won't you buy?
'Tis not a lie, &c.

IV.

But be quick!—three hours when counted,
(And, alas! Time flies too ſoon)
Muſt I on a broom-ſtick mounted,
Take my flight beyond the moon!
Then too late you'll grieve and ſigh:
'Tis not a lie, &c.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Second Part of the *Green-Room Memoirs*, which is now in hand, will be embelliſhed with a beautiful Portrait of that lovely actreſs, Mrs. POWELL—from a Miniature by the ſame artiſt who painted Miſs Murray's picture. In reply to the letter of a well-known literaty character, who requeſts, that as we have in the former Part entered into the Private Hiſtory of the Drury-Lane Manager, we may do the ſame, with reſpect to Mr. LEWIS, of Covent-Garden, and Mr. COLMAN of the Haymarket theatre, we have to obſerve, that as far as reſpects Mr. LEWIS, we ſhall certainly comply with his requeſt. Firmly are we convinced, that Mr. LEWIS has no occaſion to ſhrink from Enquiry, with reſpect to his profeſſional life. We ſhall therefore, give a comprehenſive *Memoir* of that gentleman. If we do not inſert Mr. COLMAN in our next Number, it is not, becauſe we conceive him *indefenſible;* but becauſe we cannot ſee the Propriety of intermixing with the Lives of *Performers*, the biography of a gentlemau, who does *not appear publickly on the ſtage.*

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